

The Tragedie

Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.

Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,  
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,  
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,  
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

King. What is his name?

Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.

King. Goe call him hither presently.  
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,  
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,  
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,  
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset  
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where  
he abides.

King. Catesby. Car. My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad

That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,  
I will take order for her keeping close:  
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,  
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:  
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out  
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.  
About it, for it stands me much vpon,  
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,  
I must be married to my brothers daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glasse,  
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,  
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in  
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,  
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrell?

Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

of Richard the thrid.

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,  
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,  
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:  
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,  
These English woes, will make me smile in France.

Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleep the night, and fast the day,  
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,  
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,  
And he that slew them fowler then he is:  
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,  
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Ma. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.

Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? Exit. Mar.

Qu. Windie atturnies to your client woes,  
Aierie succeders of intestine ioyes,  
Poore breathing orators of miseries,  
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart  
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Dut. If so, then be not too long-tide, goe with me,  
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother  
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothered:  
I heare his drum, be copious in exclames.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes  
and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A she, that might haue intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,  
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.

Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,  
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,  
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:  
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.